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The Pathfinder

MARCH, 1909

A New Apostle of the Simple Life

By JULIAN PARK



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ANNOUNCEMENTS

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All communications should be addressed to the Editor.

THE PATHFINDER

GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*

Contributions are invited from all lovers of good books and high ideals in literature, art and life. The editor disclaims responsibility for the opinions of contributors.

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This journal is published monthly at THE UNIVERSITY PRESS OF SEWANEE TENNESSEE.

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The Pathfinder

A monthly magazine in little devoted
to Art and Literature



GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*

IT is planned to be the meeting-place for those who care for the beautiful and permanent things in art and literature; where one may find, selected carefully from the writings of the master-minds of the past, their best thoughts and appreciations of these things; and where the man of to-day, whether scholar, poet, or artist, may give expression to his love for and abiding faith in those personalities, institutions, and things that reflect a serious purpose and lofty ideal.

The first volume of the little journal was concluded in June, 1907. The publishers are more than justified with the moral support it has received. Among the leading American poets and essayists who have contributed to its pages are D. C. Gilman, R. U. Johnson, Edwin Mims, D. K. Dodge, J. R. Hayes, J. G. Neihardt, Edith M. Thomas, G. B. Rose, F. W. Allen, W. P. Shepard, Clyde Furst, C. H. Page, Edwin Wiley, G. L. Swiggett, Ludwig Lewisohn, Clinton Scollard, E. C. Litsey, Jeannette Marks, Charlotte Porter, Estelle Duclo, Fanny Runnells Poole, S. M. Peck, and B. L. Gildersleeve.

It is our desire to gain in this simple undertaking the interest and support of all who may feel the need of such a publication, and who understand that we shall not be adding another to a list of "periodicals of individuality and protest" which is probably large enough already. During the past year you have received one or more sample copies of THE PATHFINDER. To make the journal a financial success, we must materially increase its subscription. May we not, therefore, beg your cordial co-operation and enlist your support and influence among your friends?

In order to gain your interest, we have decided to present to anyone sending in four subscriptions (\$2) a copy of Emerson's *Essay on Compensation*. The essay has an appropriate introductory note by Professor Lewis Nathaniel Chase, of the department of English in Indiana University. It is set up in beautiful old style type and printed on paper of antique finish, and bound with wrapper covers. It is a good example of dignified bookmaking.

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TO A MEMORY

By ALICE LINDSEY WEBB

When years have passed, and I can see no more
The green trees wave beyond the swelling hill,
The daisied field, the shallow, pebbled rill ;
When sunshine, pouring golden through the door,
Is all that still remains of Nature's store
Of out-of-door delights, enjoyed at will
Throughout my youth, when I did drink my fill
And wandered joyous as the young birds soar:
When days have come, dim-eyed, of palsied hand,
To hold me in a leash of slow decay —
It may be on a bed of mortal pain —
Then turn the hour glass; let the running sand
Of lost years bring me back one perfect day,
That with its memory my life may wane.

*A NEW APOSTLE OF THE SIMPLE LIFE**By* JULIAN PARK

The legitimate successor to Walter Pater as essayist is a son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, and his name is one that has become familiar through six books of essays. Archbishop Benson left a legacy as varied as it is precious. The oldest son is Arthur Christopher Benson, essayist, academician, reformer; the middle son, E. F. Benson, is a novelist, with a talent all his own; and Robert Hugh, the youngest, was five years ago ordained to the Roman Catholic priesthood, and his parish is in the same town where his more famous brother holds a fellowship at Magdalene. In a literary way, he is the least prolific, but the most painstaking of the three. In the one volume of essays which he has to his credit, he interprets the offices of the Romish church, firstly by a pariah—a layman and an alien—then by the same outcast converted.

Thus the lives of both the youngest and the oldest brothers reflect in their art the seclusion and calm of their academic and priestly lives. But Mr. A. C. Benson has one advantage over

his brother, for he can spend his whole time in mediation and philosophy. His mission is new to America, and his remarkable popularity here augurs well. Pastor Wagner has paved the way for an even more successful advocate of the simple life.

Charles Wagner and Arthur Benson have still more in common, for Mr. Benson, too, is a writer who never puts pen to paper without saying something. Wayfarers who travel the path of his pages have one comfort which is not always available to other travelers: they are sure of the direction in which they are going; and not only that, but are made to enjoy the traveling and to have plenty to look at on the way. Indeed, the quickly-changing panorama is one of the pleasantest things about the trip; it is astonishing with what an easy transition we are whirled from a logical consideration of education in the public schools (Mr. Benson's pet subject) to gaze upon a water vignette—one of many which gave to his best book its title of *Beside Still Waters*—portraits that set one wistfully to dreaming and remembering; such as this:

"The new rushes were beginning to fringe the edges of the tiny lake, but the winter sedge stood pale and sere and filled the air with a dry

rustling. The water was as clear as a translucent gem, and Hugh saw that life was at work on the floor of the pool, sending up rich tresses of green-haired water-weed. The copse was green under foot, full of fresh, uncrumpled leaves. He sat down beside the pool; the silence of the wide fields was broken only by the faint rustling of sedge and tree, and the piping of a bird hid in some darkling bush hard by."

Such a picture, drawn in its unstudied simplicity, sets one dreaming, or one is certainly not "of such stuff as dreams are made of." But notice how artlessly the materials, cheap and common enough, are put together. Of just such "verbal magic" is Stevenson's *Inland Voyage* composed; so is it with Daudet's *Mill*; and Mr. Benson realizes that it is the beauty of art to make us wistful.

Wistful, however, is not quite what we all want to be. Is it not almost criminal to urge dreaming and meditation, keeping company with only the "silence of the wide fields," upon men with red blood in their veins? But a life of healthy vigour and activity, a life in the country with one's books and friends, need not be changed for the strenuous life. Strength can be exercised and energy put forth without strain.

There is a possible placidity that can go with the whole exertion of a man's powers, as well as a possible simplicity that can go with entire fulness to the making up of the satisfactions of his life, and the wisest thing he can do is to train and cultivate himself in these. Such, in brief, is the delightful philosophy of life which the Oxford essayist has set himself the task to teach. In his paper on *Contentment* he ordains himself to that philosophy as the special mission of his gifted pen.

Above all else, it is Mr. Benson's purpose to show that the seeming successes and pleasures for which men fight each other are illusive and vain shadows, compared with the gifts of happiness and contentment, peace and calm, that are free to those who will partake and that need not to be snatched from others' hands. In fact, the gospel that he detests in *Beside Still Waters*, is the "gospel of success, the teaching that everyone ought to be discontented with his setting, that a man ought to get to the front, clear a space around him, eat, drink, make love, cry, and strive and fight. It is all to be at the expense of feebler people. That is a detestable ideal because it is the gospel of tyranny rather than the gospel of equality." His desire is to en-

courage the quite different individualism of him "who realizes that the hope of the race depends upon the quality of life, upon the number of people who live active, quiet, gentle, kindly, faithful lives, enjoying their work, and turning for recreation to the nobler and simpler sources of pleasure—the love of literature, poetry, Nature, and art." Certainly both Hugh Neville, in *Beside Still Waters*, and "T. B." in the *Upton Letters*, are ardent seekers and interpreters of the true and beautiful as they, or Mr. Benson, see it.

In whichever way they may be found, accordingly, happiness and contentment are the fundamental things. Our author just misses being optimistic by a vague note of the wistful, or even of the morbid; but Dr. Van Dyke happily characterizes him as "melioristic." Above all, however, he is plain and to the point. What a simple theory of life it is that Mr. Benson lays down for us—that we are meant to be happy if we can, and that a great many people miss happiness because they have not the courage to pursue it in their own way. Probably the most independent disciple of this doctrine is Thoreau. We are inclined to pity the lonely hermit, who rejoiced as he made his best friend, Nature, balance the loss of everything which we deem

necessary. Thoreau had the courage to hold certain opinions; he was brave enough to encourage certain tastes; he dared to make the most of a certain faculty. He had the courage to "pursue happiness in his own way," and who shall say that he did not find it? To be sure, it sounds natural and reasonable enough to hold one's own opinions and indulge one's own faculty, but when these tastes are not like those of other folks, a certain kind of courage is required. The first principle of the soldier is to keep step: out he goes if he does not. Even in society we must keep step, and the penalty is not different. Who knows but that many of us might like to live Thoreau's life because we, like him, conceive it to be the freest, happiest, most natural? But no: what would people say? We do the conventional thing only because we are afraid not to.

Such in brief is an important part of Mr. Benson's doctrine. The charm of his essays lies in their sincerity and familiarity: he speaks to the heart, and that it is so willing to respond is a proof of his success. They are the frank outpourings of the author's innermost thoughts, and—in such an intimate way that the reader cannot but feel flattered at the confidence—

—

treat matters that one friend discusses with another. His conclusions are fixed without being dogmatic, yet one feels that he is in earnest, though not severe. Mr. Benson sees the sloughs clearly enough, but he is enough of an optimist instinctively to discover the stepping-stones, the clues out of the labyrinth—which is the trend of the times. He is not slow to present the merry, loving solutions which life holds forth, the happy possibilities existing for each of us if we did not insist on being our own tragedies. He is subtle without being morbid; academic, but not priggish.

Now that we no longer have Matthew Arnold to plead for sweetness and light, Arthur C. Benson is an appropriate and much needed successor.

—+—

A KNIGHT

By CLINTON SCOLLARD

Mine eyes have seen the Joyous Guard,
Hence do I count no danger hard.

My lips have known life's Perfect Fruit,
Hence do I dread no grim pursuit.

My ears have the Angelic strain,
Hence rumours of the world are vain.

'Tis Love hath wrought upon me thus,
Hence naught the 'Passage Perilous!'

GOD'S SHARE

By EVALEEN STEIN

(An old Breton legend of the *Days of the Three Kings*)

It is an ancient Breton custom at Twelfth-night revels to divide the Twelfth-cake into as many portions as feasters, plus one; this extra portion is called "God's share" and is considered the right of the first beggar who asks it.

Upon a craggy mountain steep,
Above an ancient wood,
With proud tall towers and donjon keep,
Count Raoul's castle stood.

Within its walls was wealth untold
In splendor all around,
And unseen treasures, gems and gold,
In coffers iron-bound.

Count Raoul's garments every one
Of velvet were and vair.
Coarse raiment that themselves had spun,
His vassals only wear.

Count Raoul's board was richly spread
With cates and meat and wine.
A crust was all the daily bread
Of him who dressed his vine.

Though bitter want and tears the lot
Of them that tilled his soil,
The lord who ruled them pitied not
Their heartbreak nor their toil. . .

It fell upon the holy tide
Men celebrate on earth
To honor His, the glorified,
The blest Child Jesu's birth.

The Christmas feast was twelve days o'er,
And high priests, purple stoled,
The solemn mass had chanted for
The Three Wise Kings of old.

Then, when drew on the frosty night,
In every castle hall
Folk met to revel, gayly dight
For Twelfth-night carnival.

Count Raoul, too, held festal cheer;
And to his castle came
Full many a rich-clad noble peer
And damozel and dame.

Within the hall, against the cold,
Great fires blazed ruddy bright;
And precious gems and cloth of gold
Shone in the leaping light.

The feast ran high, till, by and by,
Brought in with blast of horn,
Lifted aloft, for every eye,
The Twelfth-night cake was borne.

Bright sprigs of holly decked it o'er,
And silken streamers seen
Low trailing to the rush-strewn floor,
Between the garlands green.

Count Raoul brake the Twelfth-night cake
For all who feasted there;
But ah, the dear Lord, for His sake,
He kept no beggar's share;

His act unblest not any guest
Had marked, and at the feast
With many a joyous song and jest
The merriment increased.

But soon without the castle wall
A knocking loud was heard ;
Count Raoul sent a seneschal,
Who bore him back this word :

“ My lord,” he said, on bended knee,
“ Without the castle gates,
In ragged cloak and poor to see,
An humble beggar waits.

“ He craves thy pity, lord, this night,
And of thy table’s fare
Would fain receive the beggar’s right,
The blessèd God, His share.”

A sparkling draft Count Raoul quaffed,
And then, with haughty scorn,
Dashed down his empty cup and laughed,
“ Back let this rede be borne :

“ Bid him begone from out my gates,
Or else my wrath beware !
Tell him in these, my wine and cates,
God hath not any share !”

The feasters heard that wicked word,
Ash pale grew every face ;
And for a space none spake nor stirred,
But inly craved God’s grace.

The seneschal, with halting tread,
Went forth his rede to say ;
Fain had he fled, the word unsaid,
But durst not disobey.

The beggar harked, with mien intent,
And meek head humbly bowed ;
Then clasped his hands as one forespent,
And thrice he groaned aloud !

Like passion-flowers beneath the rain,
So, when he raised his head,
His eyes shone through a mist of pain
And grievous tears unshed.

And as he stood against the night,
From out his face and hair
A strange white radiance, starry bright,
Gleamed round him everywhere.

Then at his feet, sore terrified,
The seneschal straightway
Fell on his knees, and, "Lord!" he cried,
"Have mercy, Christ, I pray!

"Thou son of Mary, blessèd Lord,
That died on Calvary,
God wot I feared to bear that word!
Have mercy, Christ on me!"

With gesture mild Lord Jesu raised
The suppliant, gracious-wise;
Then, as within the gates he gazed,
Stern grew his heavenly eyes.

He lifted up his hand, and lo,
Beneath his ragged cloak,
From all his garments, white as snow,
That starry radiance broke.

He pointed toward the castle towers;
And, swiftly loosed thereby,
Wild winds and fierce tempestuous powers
Sprang from the silent sky!

Loud thunders shook the castle walls;
They fell down in the moat!
The tottering towers at intervals
Red, fiery lightnings smote!

When morning dawned within the sky,
Where that proud castle stood,
But blackened ruins met the eye.
And ghastly solitude.

Of all Count Raoul's wealth untold
No smallest gem was left.
Of lands, of vassals, and of gold —
Of all was he bereft.

Stripped of his velvets and his vair,
Alone, he wondered forth,
Clad in such garb as beggars wear,
And cloak of meanest worth.

They who had fled that fatal feast,
Shunned him as one accurst.
He who was greatest now was least,
The last, who had been first. . .

All this was long, ah long ago ;
And yet, for so men say,
Still every Twelfth-night to and fro
Count Raoul wanders ; yea,

His doom is at every door
To humbly crave God's share
Yet ne'er receive it ; evermore
Thus hopeless must he fare.

They who deny him in his need
Sin not — they but fulfill
The punishment by heaven decreed ;
It is the Lord God's will.

*OLD WINE TO DRINK**By* FRANK WALLER ALLEN*IV—ROBERT HERRICK*

Dear R. L. S.—Master Robert Herrick, song-maker, sometime preacher, window-painter, and bachelor by divine right, was of the *illuminati*. He accomplished his task for the world when he served in an acceptable—yet uninteresting—manner, and then went to live in his own lotus land among his stained-glass people. There is no doubt that he preached his sermons quite sincerely, though he loved neither the task nor the unimaginative people of his parish. His was a sort of dull, dumb, dutiful work which he did in lieu of nothing better being known to him. How could his beef-eating listeners possibly know that his poetry was far, far better than his sermons? That they were of the Kingdom of Love, which, after all, is the only Kingdom of Heaven. Well, dear Preacher, I wish to tell you of two or three things which concern this old dream-maker that to the bromide-world appear as glaring inconsistencies, but to you they will be but charming proofs of the man's great life.

He was a preacher, Louis, and now only the Lord knows what he preached. He wasn't the philosophical tosser of ethical balls with which you love so much to juggle, but just a plain, old-time expounder of heaven and hell and sinners and "heavy, heavy hangs over your head." Of course the good pagan soul scarcely believed what he preached, but knowing nothing better he hoped it was so and went on. Yet, while he didn't care a lyric about his sermon, his vanity was touched, it is written, were any of his flock so fortunate as to be able to go to sleep, and, relapsing into a more normal state, he fired his manuscript at the erring one, cursed all of them roundly, pronounced the benediction, and left in high dudgeon for his tabby cats and honeysuckle. I wonder if this was not the most inspiring part of the service? Do not worry, I shall refrain from quotations.

Then there was Herrick, the bachelor recluse, romantically domiciled in a honeysuckle cottage peopled with tabby cats, a pet pig, and a maid servant who, at least through my windows, was old and ugly and lovable, quarrelsome and loyal, tyrannical and tender, just as they always are in novels. Thus surrounded, he lived in "bacheloric," ease with old books, old wine, many

dinners well-cooked by the friendly tyrant, and long, sweet, indulgent dreams of Julia. I know that our prosaic, windowless friends will say that Julia was some comely wench who sang in the choir, or presided over the local Chaucer club; but we know better, do we not, dear Window-maker?

This Julia—I know her kind right well—was a most seductive composite of all that was worth remembering of every pretty young woman in the countryside. Her ripe, warm lips, perhaps, were Madge's; her eyes, we know, were Rosamond's; to Anthea belonged her cheeks; and her lovely shape, again perhaps, to Madge of the bee-stung lip. Thus it was that the real Herrick consisted of his dreams, for therein did he place his great merry heart. Here, quietly at home with puss, have we a mild, safe lover who never loved a woman, but rather women and love. From the dull precincts of "heavy, heavy hangs over your head," he would boldly walk into delectable fancies of coquettish clothing in wanton disarray, silken hose, bejeweled garters, patches hovering close to a playful dimple, subtle and seductive odors, the delicious charm of the rustle of gowns—and all this and more he turned into poetry and was happy.

I've no doubt, Louis, that many 's the time when the tyrant scolded, or Tabby's claws played him false, he filled his lungs with the honeysuckle's perfume and thanked Allah that Julia was only a painted window! And at such times as these, thus sang Herrick, the Song-maker :

I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds and bowers,
Of April, May, of June and July-flowers ;
I sing of May-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes,
Of bridegrooms, brides and of their bridal cakes ;
I write of youth, of love, and have access
By these to sing of cleanly wantonness ;
I sing of dews, of rains, and piece by piece
Of balm, of oil, of spice and ambergris ;
I sing of times trans-shifting, and I write
How roses first came red and lilies white ;
I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing
The court of Mab, and of the Fairy King ;
I write of hell ; I sing (and ever shall)
Of heaven, and hope to have it after all.

Best of all, you see, he was indeed a great poet. Of all the writers of his period his songs are most musical. You may read them, you may sing them, you may dream them, and always they are of the highest art. Much of the lyric poetry produced by the Elizabethan and post-Elizabethan writers is very much alike. You might shift their verses from one to another

without fear of robbing any one of his individuality. Not so with Herrick. There were none like him. It isn't often that one discovers a perfect song. The great lyrics of English literature may be counted on one's fingers, yet more than one of Herrick's must be numbered among them.

So here's to cherry-lipped Julia, "with breath more sweet than violet," and her passionate Shepherd. Of a surety they have given us the very best Old Wine of Love for our drinking.



A PRAYER

By ARTHUR W. BEER

For this I pray : —

That, as the shadows longer grow,
I may not older grow in heart,
Nor cease to act full well my part,
If small or large, in Life's great show,
Each passing day.

For this I pray : —

Not for the empty praise of men ;
But, give me friends — a loyal few —
Friends who always are nobly true,
Who love me freely even when
I go astray.

*EXIT**By ANNA BLANCHE MCGILL*

O Lord of Life, now as I rise and pass
Into the night beyond Thy gate,
Not as some dull poor churl who drains his glass
And leaves with ne'er a gracious word
The House of Feasting, where but late
He hath drunk long and deep,
And all the wit and music heard —
Not forth as he shall I in silence creep !

Nay, ling'ring in the ancient courteous way,
Here at the end of all these many days,
Upon Thy threshold now the feast I praise
And Him who set it forth in fine array.
"Master," I say, "Life hath been very good !
True though it be Thy servitors, The Hours,
But sorry draughts have oft brought round — wormwood.
Salt waters of affliction, bitterness
That burned upon the tongue and set on fire
Both heart and brain, and bound the powers
Of will and deed in vile duress,
And drugged to sleep all dreams and high desire !

"Yet, once more from the turquoise cup of eve,
Scored o'er with early stars and lines of light,
Or from the sapphire bowl of deeper night
To drink the wine of beauty ; to believe
Myself a god again in olden way
When Dawn into the goblet of the day
Pours liquid fire !—for these high revelries
Unto Thy board I would return again !—
Aye, though full cups of sore defeat and pain
Once more I quaffed unto the choking lees !"

Recent Publications

PARABELLUM.—*Banzai*. Many of the episodes in this tale of Japanese invasion of America have an epic sweep that fairly carries the reader on despite its technical weaknesses. New York: The Baker and Taylor Co. 1909.

EMERSON HOUGH.—*54-40 or Fight*. Strong characters grouped around Calhoun wage a fight of gripping interest in American history, the fight for Texas and the great Northwest. The Baroness von Ritz is a distinct creation. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1909.

E. F. BENSON.—*The Climber*. An English social novel that is well worth careful study. Among the vampires of society, few show the cool and calculating *raisonnement* of Lucia Griscom. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1909.

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.—*The Missioner*. This prolific writer essays a new *genre* in this interesting English novel. Combining his own field of adventure and intrigue with the character study of the Ward type. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1909.

NEVIL G. HENSHAW.—*Aline of the Grand Woods*. An exceedingly fine story, despite its melodramatic suggestiveness, of Louisiana and the *Cajuns*. A genuine lyric beauty pervades its Nature descriptions. New York: The Outing Publishing Co. 1909.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.—*The Three Brothers*. A transcendent tale of realism out of the author's beloved Devonshire. A minute and careful study of a bit of homely life set in a scene of great beauty that rises to the higher level of art. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1909.

CHARLES WHARTON STORK.—*Day Dreams of Greece*. A little volume of verse that is large in its promise. Many of the beautiful iambic lines reveal poetic skill of high degree. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1908.

FRANK HARRIS.—*The Bomb*. A powerful and vivid account of the Haymarket incident and the causes leading up to it. A novel in the first person form of singular strength. Admitting the author's plea that the reader must have "sympathy with ideas which he perhaps dislikes" it certainly has its *raison d'être*. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. 1909.

WM. SOMERSET MAUGHAM.—*The Explorer*. Vivid vignettes of the upper class, clever dialogue, tense situations and well-drawn characters abound in this English novel, the hero of which is an African explorer. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. 1909.

WILLIAM J. LOCKE.—*Septimus*. The world is surely better for Locke's novels. Delicate as gossamer and as keen as steel is the thread of delightful nonsense and bitter-sweet that he weaves into his patterns of human souls. Septimus, Paragot and Marcus Ordeyne are among the elect that we can ill afford to lose. New York: John Lane Co. 1909.

ANNE HOLLINGSWORTH WHARTON.—*An English Honeymoon*. The bit of romance in this travel book heightens one's keen enjoyment of the charming descriptions of English landscape, towns and places of historic and literary interest. The book has the same delightful personal note, the fine style and taste in selection as *Italian Days and Ways*. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1908.

GEORGE E. WOODBERRY.—*Poems of Percy Bysshe Shelley*. CHARLES F. MCCLUMPHA.—Otway's *The Orphan* and *Venice Preserved*. These two volumes are distinct additions to the truly admirable *Belles-Lettres Series*, a beautiful, handy and inexpensive edition of our classics equipped with a brief life, introduction and adequate notes. The recognized scholarship of Professors McClumpha and Woodberry speak for the literary excellence of their editing. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 1908.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.—*The Tent Dwellers*. A delightful running account, full of practical hints, of a fishing trip of two good fellows into Nova Scotia. The very breath of the woods, its spice and sweetness, is in every chapter. New York: The Outing Publishing Co. 1908.

BRAND WHITLOCK.—*Abraham Lincoln*. A timely volume in the excellent little *Beacon Biographies*. It is amazing that the story and meaning of Lincoln's life can be told so well in so small a frame. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 1909.

JAMES CREELMAN.—*Why We Love Lincoln*. Naturally the title suggests a thesis. The writer's defense is forceful and replete with the picturesque so characteristic of his work. Among the illustrations is one very interesting hitherto unpublished photograph. New York: The Outing Publishing Co. 1909.

Indian Captivities

☛ Send for circular of our reprints of Rare Indian Captivities. ☛ Antiquarians and Students of History will value them for the remarkable insight into Indian and Colonial Customs which they give. ☛ Booklovers will admire them for their quaintness and simplicity. ☛ *Catalogs of Rare and Valuable Books will be mailed on request.*

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Beautifully printed and with an excellent introduction. . . . A charming book.—DR. HENRY VAN DYKE, Princeton University.

MILTON'S ODE ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

* *
*



THE UNIVERSITY PRESS OF SEWANEE TENNESSEE begs leave to announce that it has a limited number of the Regular Edition of Milton's ode *On the Morning of Christ's Nativity*.

This edition contains the Introduction, written with insight and appreciation by Dr. Glen Levin Swiggett, the head of the Department of Modern Languages at The University of the South.

The book is a cap octavo, the page being four and one-quarter by seven inches, printed with black ink from Caslon type, the title-page and colophon being rubricated.

The architectonic border of the title-page and the several initial letters in outline were drawn specially for this book.

A special edition of ten copies was printed on Japan paper, bound in full morocco boards, lettered in gold and lined with silk. These copies were illuminated by the Sister Superior of the Order of S. Mary in the State of Tennessee. The price of these were \$10 each, and they were all subscribed for before the book was published.

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